Growing Tired of All These Cutting Remarks

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by amoralagent

Summary

Some more Hannigram based on a prompt from tumblr: Person A and Person B both trying to break into the same place on the same night by accident, only to be chased by the police upon meeting and having to hide together until they leave. Of course, being Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham, it doesn't go to plan. Murder ensues, as it always does.

"I was supposed to get rid of you a long time ago, but I couldn't do it. Especially since you had your *little way* with me. Now look where we are!"

"Are you saying you aren't pleased with this? With what we've become-- *who* you've become?"

"Would it surprise you that I don't regret any part of it? Definitely not the part where I pushed you off that fucking cliff."

"You seem to forget that I let you do that, Will--"

"Don't *Will* me. But if this is all my new beginning after that, then why the *fuck* are you here?"

"You didn't answer my question: are you happy with this so-called new beginning? Are you happy with this life you've chosen? With me."

"Fuck your question. You know the answer to that. You just want to hear me say it- for me to say it, then making it real. I *can* still find shit to complain about: you make that far too easy, Hannibal."

"Why are you complaining, then?"

"I'm not complaining, not this time; this time I'm seething. We wouldn't even be having this conversation if you had just listened."

"I'm listening now."

"Shouting at you doesn't give you a choice!"

"Are you angry with this circumstance or the entire relationship?"

"At the moment. *Both*."

"I didn't mean to cause offence. You didn't give me ample opportunity to explain my reasoning for the actions I decided upon taking."

"No, the fucking cop cars didn't give us ample opportunity to discuss anything!"

"That's never happened to me before."

"Are you saying I'm the issue? Do I ruin your murder game?"

"I'm not saying that; I'm saying you don't-"

"Don't even finish that fucking sentence, Hannibal, or so help me, God."

"If you'd like to try to kill me again, here I stand."

"*Okay*. Next time you decide to play death, dine, and dash, leave me the ever-loving fuck out of it."

"Even I couldn't predict the neighbour's dog's sleeping patterns."

"I said we should always invite them over to our house. That it saves us the bother of housebreaking. Hell, I told you to slit her throat and be done with it, but *no*- you had to drag it all out."

"You say it as if you weren't enjoying it."

"*Hannibal*."

"You should've warned me in regard to the dog's hearing capabilities. Something you should be adept in."

"They outmatch yours, it seems."

"We didn't even get dinner. They'll never find any evidence that w-"

"That's not the point!"

"I wish you'd stop and realise just how loud you're being about this. I don't need this judgement, Will, and it seems pointless considering there's no risk of being caught."

"Your whole Mr. Incredible 'I work alone' bullshit is alluring until you fail to listen to anyone but yourself."

"Even if I had've taken your advice, it's unlikely it would've changed the outcome."

"Y'know what? I'm going to piss off to wherever the night takes me. And you're gonna stay here, sit there, and figure out ways to apologise to me."

And this is where the night had taken him: breaking into the small house of the ill-mannered 22-year-old sales assistant that had held Hannibal's arm a bit too long in a shopping mall two months ago. He figures that he could do worse.

Clearly the first time they decided to break into a victim's house together under the cover of darkness it had went tits up. Hopefully, without Hannibal's superiority complex and surprising lack of oversight Will would be successful the second time around.

To be honest, he was a little drunk after rolling up to the nearest bar and trying to sate his resentment. But all the whiskey had done was fuel the fire that led his brain to think another murder would do him some good. Not inebriated enough to flaw his plan though- thank the stars that the neighbours didn't have anymore loud guard dogs. They would've smelt Will coming.

Whilst thinking about how many creative ways he could potentially throw his success in Hannibal's face, including the possibility of actually throwing organs at him, he heard the lock click and removed the precision screwdriver that was more used to working on boat

engines than lock picking. As quietly as possible, he slipped inside and clicked the back door shut behind him, nearly falling over the haphazardly kicked off shoes only two steps inside.

In the sullenly dark room he could make out the vague shapes of cheap furniture. The first thing he really noticed was the smell of stale pizza; fuck knows why that smelt half decent to him. He pondered about helping himself- *Christ on a bike, Graham. Keep your head in the game*- and tried his best to manoeuvre his way towards the staircase in the semi-dark.

Softly, without the expected whine and creak of the stairs underfoot, he ascended to the second floor, creeping noiselessly past the open doors of the bathroom, and supposed spare room, before pausing outside a door left ajar. In the startling silence of the house he could hear snuffled snoring from the room in front of him, laboured with sleep. His clothes only made a slight noise as he took the filleting knife from his pocket with a gloved hand.

Then, in the same moment, with the intense concentration of his senses, he caught the minute sound of a door downstairs snapping shut, as if done with care. What are the chances of two intruders breaking into the same unassuming persons house in the wee hours of the morning? If he killed this other housebreaker surely his intended victim would wake up; *hey, so, uh, I came here to kill you but, um, this guy would've totally jacked my style so I kinda had to slaughter him first? Anyway, sorry for the mess, I'll be outta your hair the second I can give your neck a quick lil introduction with my knife--Why are you calling the cops?*

Was Will really about to kill a thief and the house owner in the same weird scenario?

Padding over to the banister, he peered down, expecting to see nothing but a dark, shapeless form of a human rustling around in various cabinets, but lo and behold, there stood the very cannibalistic serial killer he'd left in their lounge pouting.

In the low light, he caught gaze with the aforementioned, instantly blanching with a cacophony of fury and fear. He barely even whispered a "*What the fuck, Hannibal?*" in the smallest voice he could manage, concern swimming as he stopped halfway up the stairs he'd began climbing. The only consolation was that he hadn't chosen to wear his murder-suit: it would make far too much noise in this circumstance, which they'd previously noted the first time round.

Will admonished his impulse to charge to the stairs and tackle the man down them, instead opting to slink down until he was two steps above him, half-whispering, not loud enough to be hear mere feet away, let alone in the bedroom: "What the *fuck* are you doing here?"

"I followed you here."

"I have the car?"

"I have legs, I grew them myself. I followed you to the bar." Was Will really that predictable? "I have to say that this is a surprise." He gestured vaguely to the weapon in his hand, catching the sparse moonlight.

"Why are you in here?"

"I figured you'd want some help."

"*Why?*"

"We live off of the mutual thrill, Will." The amount of effort it took to not take that knife to Hannibal's throat was insurmountable, and Will almost felt like his head would explode with rage if he didn't act on it soon.

Jarring them both from their hushed feud was the sound of another voice rumbling from the bedroom, fearful, trying and failing to quell any sobbing as they muttered something about 'intruders' into a phone, presumably.

"Now you've done it." Will accused sharply before storming up the stairs, kicking open the door to their bedroom and darting over to their bedside to yank the phone off the hook as they managed to nonsensically scream what would've been their address into the receiver if Will hadn't have been so sudden.

Without hesitation, Will dived on top of them in a second, and they only managed to gasp before blood spurted from their throat as the knife split open their neck. Once the blood began pulsing from the wound Hannibal elbowed on the light and huffed: "Did you really have to get it all over your clothes?"

"Criticise me again, and I'll fucking kill you." Will's voice didn't sound much like his own, but Hannibal only straightened up fractionally and did his best to look contrite. Clambering off of the still just-about alive victim, Will grumbled and rubbed the blood from his eye, "We don't have long until the police arrive."

Hannibal put his hands into his trouser pockets and came over to stand at the bottom of the bed, admiring the coagulating blood and sticky paleness of the cooling body lying face up in bed: "When they've traced the call, break down the door, and find the body they won't be leaving anytime soon."

"You don't think I know that?"

"And you have evidence all over you." The look Will gave Hannibal could've butchered him.

"We better get moving then, huh?"

"You're not going to harvest any organs?"

"We don't have the time--"

"Give me the knife," He offered a hand, the inscrutable expression only obstructed by a glint in his eye and the missable twitch on the corner of his mouth that only Will could've deciphered. He wanted to stick the blade into his palm.

"We have to *go*, Hannibal." Will made to cross the room but a hand caught his wrist.

"Did you do this to spite me?"

Will's eyes grew wide, scowling, "Can't we talk about this when there isn't a dead body in the room and the imminent threat of armed police?" He went to pull his arm away but Hannibal was unmoving, looking at him like he was back in fucking therapy in the presence of brutalised corpse, "Yes. I did. Looks like it's all your fucking fault." He pulled his wrist away and left the room, uncaring as to whether Hannibal wanted to stay, he was getting the hell outta there.

"Was it to prove your mettle?" Hannibal followed him from the room and at a casual pace down the stairs like there was no hurry at all.

"No."

"Your worth to me?" Will stopped in his tracks on the last few stairs, turning back to him, scorned.

"My *worth* to you?" He actually laughed at that, "If I was in any doubt about my worth to you, it would be you that I've just killed."

Hannibal smiled then, to himself, watching Will carry on towards the back door with a kindled feeling of pride and love sprouting in his chest. It was like Will had just told him how much he loved him. Kinda fucked up.

As soon as Will gripped the door handle a distant wail of sirens set off a burn that hunkered in his stomach, eyes locking with Hannibal's. Immediately, with the wailing growing louder and louder, they both bolted up the stairs, clambering gracelessly into the spare room, finding a in-wall closet and shutting themselves inside at the exact time the front door was smashed in.

"We are *totally* fucked." Will stated, rather nonchalantly, squished between Hannibal and stacked plastic boxes of belongings, hung up clothes crumpling around them, "I'm definitely pinning this all on you."

"You're covered in blood, Will." Hannibal near-enough snarled, knowing his threats were meaningless.

"Tell that to the judge, Hannibal, I'll be too busy exposing your weird kinks on the witness stand-" Hannibal shoved a hand to cover Will's mouth, the aforementioned instantly holding his arm and biting his palm hard, to no avail, unable to actually fight back without further risk of getting caught. They could hear the police scuttling round the place, announcing each room downstairs to be clear.

Heavy footsteps rumbled up the stairs, two sets, and Will actually forgot to breathe when one of the flashlights cut into the room and scanned.

Will could taste Hannibal's blood on his tongue, feel his warmth and breath crowding him, grip on the forgotten knife deathly. He watched the light flicker under the bed and reflect off the mirror from the gap in the door. The officer had his gun drawn, naturally. The light stilled and shook almost undetectably as it landed on their hiding place.

Sudden, and without any warning, Hannibal struck, erupting from the closet and grabbing hold of the gun before the trigger could be pulled towards him, bullet hitting the wall, his teeth biting down on and tearing out the man's jugular before the other officer even rushed into the room; Will's knife was ripped from his hand and thrown towards him, landing straight into his chest. Blood dripping from his mouth, staining his shirt, Hannibal kicked the gun away from the man now oozing blood, having taken the knife out of the deep wound, only to have it snatched from him and placed back into his chest, cracking his sternum and adeptly splitting him from chest to abdomen in one dragging stroke, collapsing with a loud thud to fall back against the door, eyes blind.

"*Well*." Will appeared from the closet, standing over the still gurgling, throat-less young trainee, then looking up to a dishevelled looking Hannibal. The flashlights illuminated the blackened blood covering them both. Will stepped over the body by his feet, moving closer and touching a red hand to Hannibal's cheek like nothing says romance like a capital crime, pressing a quick iron-flavoured kiss to his warm mouth: "That's one way to apologise."

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